

Bells of Notre Dame

Dark Moor

Born in a sorry cot, left on the stairs of the cold stone;
Damned to be scorned, in darkness, damned to be alone;
Taken by the Church, his soul will be slave of God;
In the belfry's beauty is his figure something odd. We see the hunchback in Notre Dame
Dancing on the tallest towers Arcades and spires, filling his heart,
Deep like the choir, fine like the art
Is the place my cell, is it?
Is God's home my hell?
Oh, my body prisons my poor soul,
Until I toll! I am grim, full of gloom
In my dim gothic tomb
But the bells in my heart chime for ever
With the ding that belongs
To the king of their songs
I'm the sound of Notre Dame In the Wheel of Life he is a horror for the crowd,
When will be the time he'll see the sun between the clouds?
Looking at the bells he thinks about his tragic fate
Wants to be a rock or metal like his souless mates We hear the hunchback in Notre Dame
Crying on the tallest towers Gargoyles and columns, his relity;
Chants wich are solemn, his agony
Is this place my cell, is it?
Is God's home my hell?
Oh, my body imprisons my poor soul
Until i toll! I am grim, full of gloom
In my dim gothic tomb
But the bells in my heart chime for ever
With the ding that belongs
To the king of their songs
I'm the sound of Notre Dame

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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